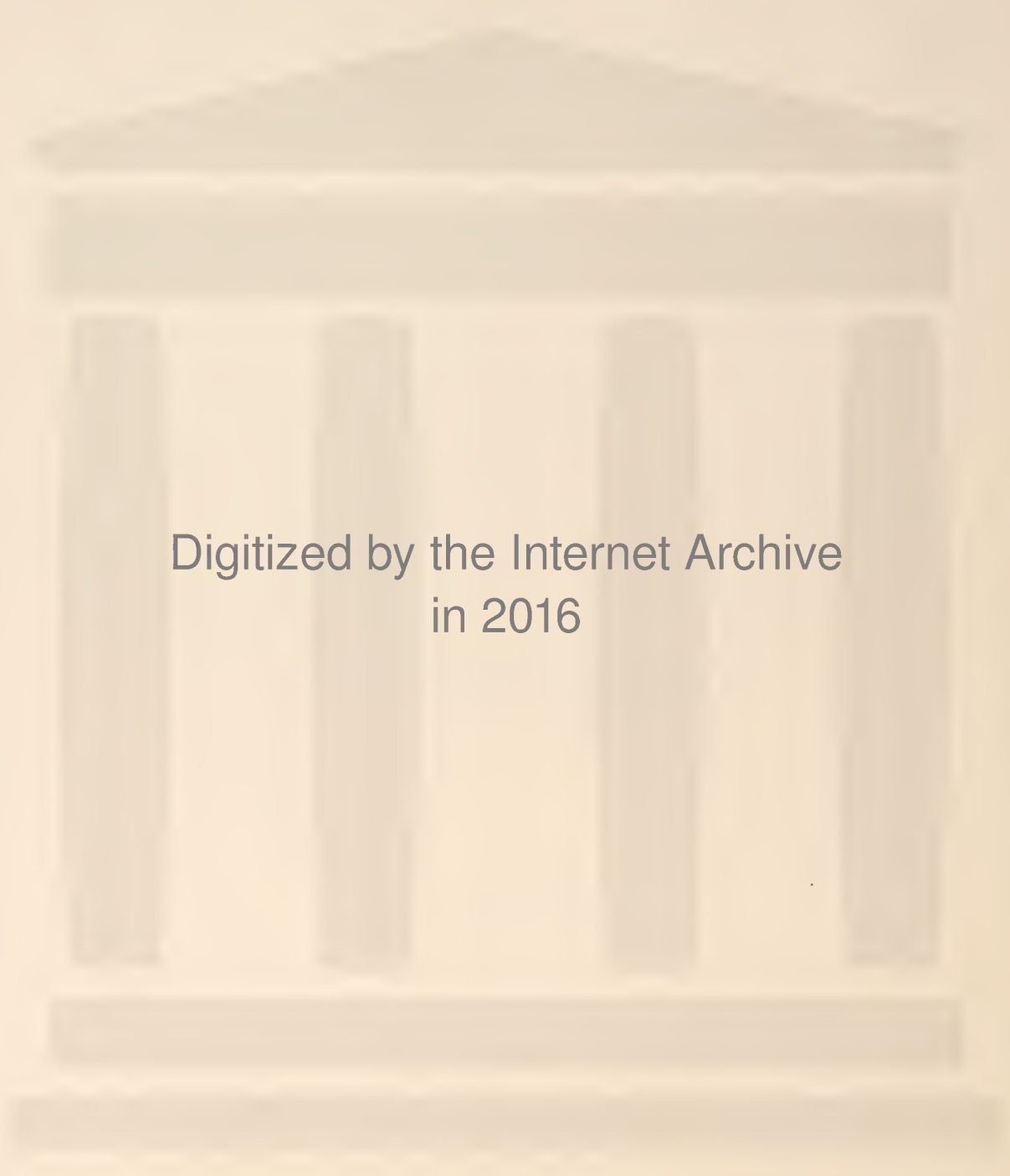
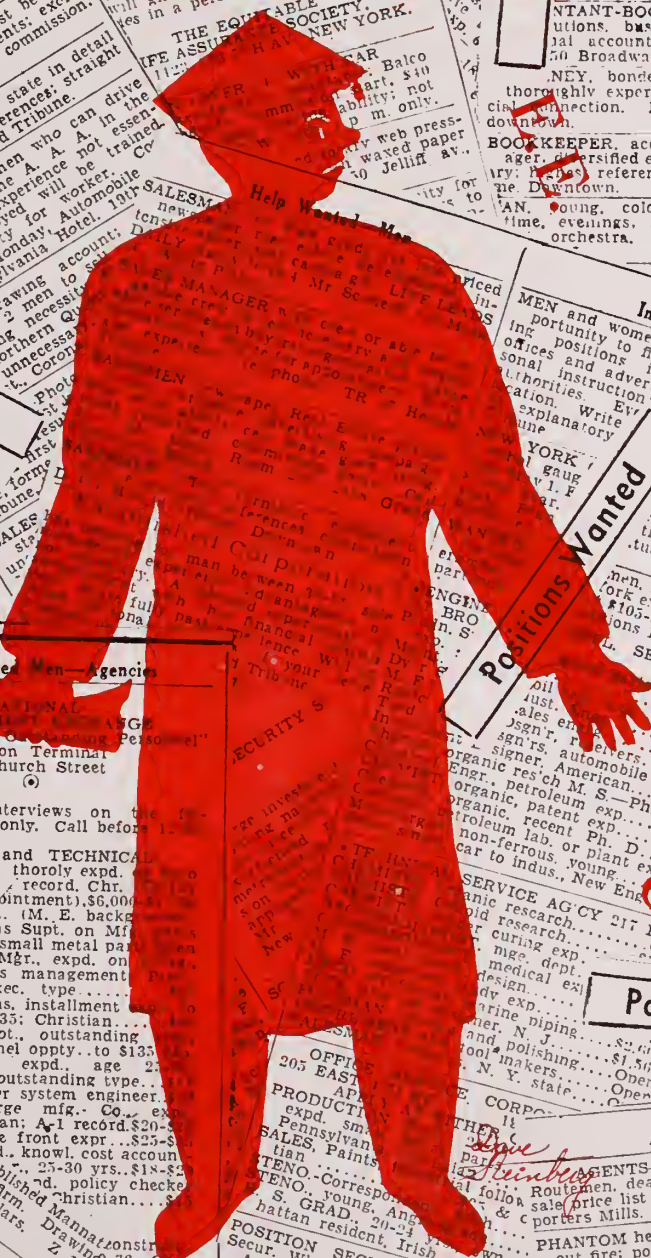


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THE BURR



Business Opportunities

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Positions Wanted

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Help Wanted

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Positions Wanted

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Positions Wanted Men—Domestic

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Help Wanted Men—Agencies

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Pawnbrokers' Sales

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Freight Ships Sailing

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Agents Wanted

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Help Wanted

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Positions Wanted Men

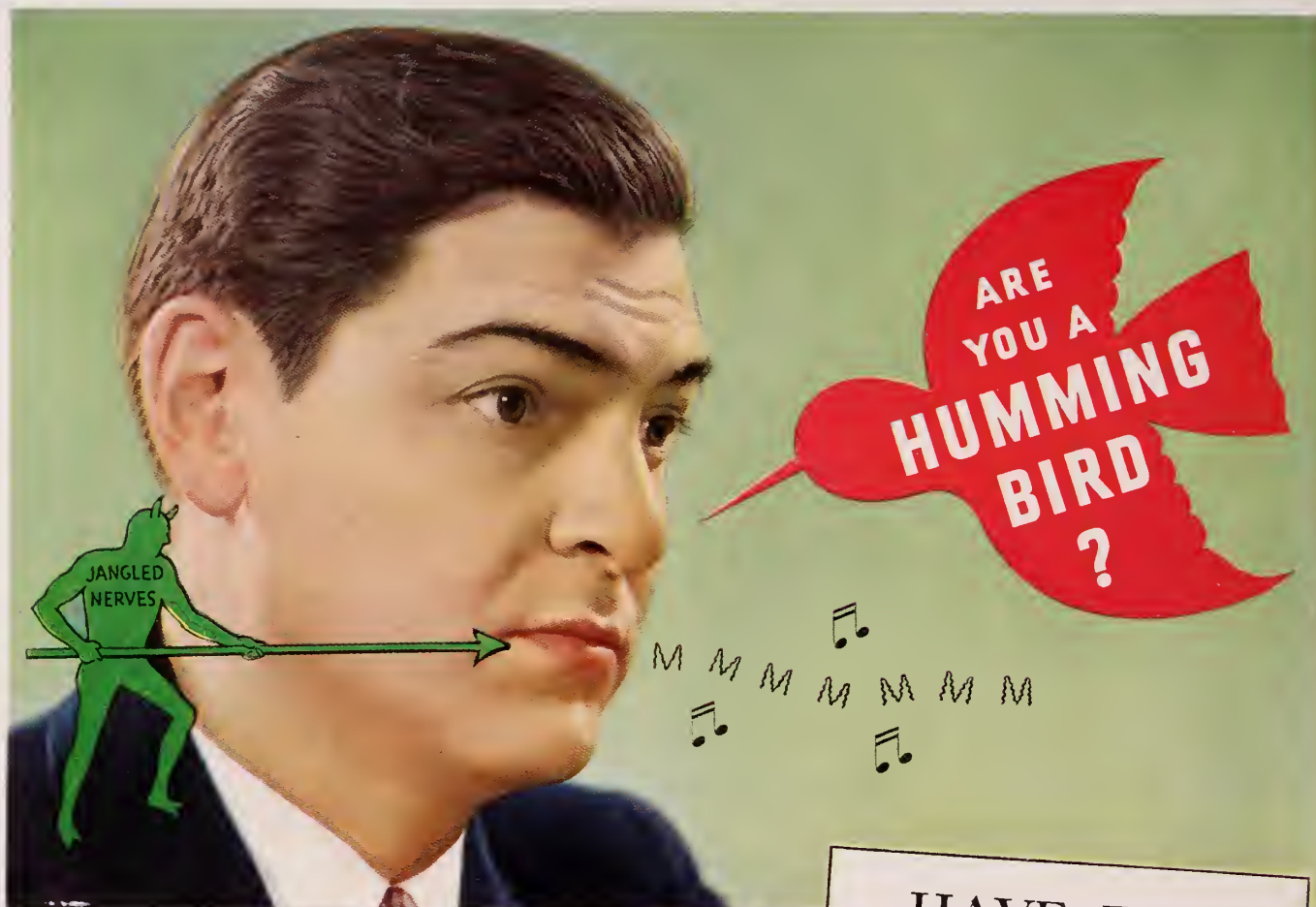
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JUNE 1934

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Twenty-five cents

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It's irritating and it means...jangled nerves

Yes, it's irritating to listen to that constant, tuneless humming—and more than that, the humming is a sign of jangled nerves.

If you notice any of those telltale nervous habits in yourself—if you whistle through

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Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation—and watch your smoking... Remember, you can smoke as many Camels as you want. Their costlier tobaccos never jangle your nerves.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand of cigarettes!



HAVE FUN! Send for FREE Game Book

New—illustrated book of 20 ways to test nerves... Fascinating! Amazing! "Show up" your friends. See if you have healthy nerves. Send fronts from 2 packages of Camels with order-blank below. Free book is sent postpaid.



CLIP HERE... MAIL NOW

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
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I enclose fronts from 2 packs of Camels.
Send me book of nerve tests postpaid.

Name.....
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Offer expires December 31, 1934

CAMELS

SMOKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT
...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES



*“ — Take this diploma and - er - er —
do you think your father can get me a job?”*

THE LEHIGH BURR

VOL. LI

JUNE, 1934

No. 9

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CONTRIBUTORS

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FINLAY

EDITORIAL

This, the last of the Burro's meanderings is respectfully dedicated to the season's crop of debutants, the seniors. By their popular request the Blackout Cartoon (with the shady past) is repeated for the last time. You asked for it, but may it carry on with the knowledge of "Never again."

The Burros.



ARE WE RIGHT WHEN WE SAY

that when you come to a New York hotel whether business or pleasure bent for a day, a week, a month or longer, there are certain requirements you consider essential, certain conveniences you have every reason to expect, and still other features that, while not imperative, do add immeasurably to your comfort. We pride ourselves on the fact that so many people always return to the Hotel Times Square. The obvious reason is that our service, our facilities and our location meet the demands of a great majority of visitors to New York.

You Will Appreciate the Fact That

our rooms are bright and airy, our beds are superlatively comfortable, there is an R.C.A. radio in every room and reading lamps, full length mirrors and other conveniences. Our baths are immaculate.

If a Convenient Location Is Important

when you stay here you are within a few minutes walk, not taxi, of all theatres, Radio city, Madison Square Garden and innumerable restaurants and night clubs, all transportation lines, subway, elevated, surface cars and buses are but a step from your front door. Excellent garage facilities are immediately adjacent, and your car will be called for and delivered.

Your Meals While You Are With Us

there are few spots in New York that are more thoroughly home-like and informal than our new Early American Grill and Restaurant. You will enjoy excellent meals well served at most reasonable prices. The special combination breakfasts, luncheons and dinners are most attractive.

A Message to Managers

we invite inquiries from managers of teams, clubs and other groups regarding special accommodations and rates.

— RATES —

Daily: From \$2.00 to \$3.00 Single; \$3.00 to \$4.00 Double
None Higher

SPECIAL WEEKLY OR MONTHLY RATES

All Expense Excursions

Room food and lots of outside entertainment for the week-end, or any two days.....\$ 5.50
Or for any three days—a full program of activity—day or night\$10.00

When writing for details and descriptive circular "C" please mention the publication you are reading

HOTEL TIMES SQUARE

Under Direction Wm. S. Brown
Times Square, New York

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turn to things girls have been thinking about all winter.

A colored preacher at the close of his sermon discovered one of his deacons asleep. He said, "We will now have a few minutes of prayer. Deacon Brown, will you lead?"

Deacon Brown sleepily replied, "Lead, hell, I just dealt."

GEEZ, IT'S AWFUL!

Hello, Mabel, H'yah, keed. Where'd ya drop in from? Glad to see ya. Aw, don't be formal or nuttin'; jes drop yer duds on the chair and make yerself at home. Y'know me, always meetin' lotsa people.

Last night — Gosh, what a night, Mabel — I wuz out wit a couple o' de bums. Sure, collitch boys. How'd ya guess it. One of 'em tried gettin' fresh wit me, see. Tought he could get away wit somepin'. But I loined 'im.

Foist, he takes me up an alley wit 'im, see. Geez, it wuz awful. Den he sits down on de steps. But dere ain't no chivalry no more — de flower of yout — dat stuff, it's all gone. Me, a lady. And kin

ya imagine, Mabel, he wouldn't give de seat to me. But I loined 'im.

"Mister," I says, gettin' all haughty-like, "you ain't no gentleman."

I guess dat put 'im in his place, Mabel, 'cause right away he gits up and flares like and says to me sorta quick and sore:

"Whatcha mean I ain't no gentleman!"

Mabel, I tell ya he wuz boilin' mad. But leave it to me to handle dose smart boids. I told him.

"Mister," I says, "de only polish you got is on yer shoes."

I guess dat didn't shut him up for a while, huh, Mabel!

Wise prof. — And so, students, we can come to the conclusion that nothing is impossible.

Fresh Frosh—Well, I'd like to see you run this umbrella down your throat and open it.

"Sofa," according to Webster, "a kind of long seat, usually upholstered and having a back and arms."

The number of backs and arms varies, but two backs and four arms seem to be the favorite!

Our Advertisers

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Edgeworth Tobacco

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Goodenough's

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Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.



"It says here we're at the prime of our lives!"

Noise—Knock, knock, knock.

Pope—"Who is it?"

Pope's Chamberlain (a bit griped for having to wake his master every morning)—"Eight o'clock, sir, and all is fair."

Pope—"The Lord and I know it; you may go."

P.C.—"You and the Lord are two wise guys—it is four o'clock and raining like hell."



Toastmaster, introducing speaker: "I'm sure Mr. Jones, of the Soils and Fertilizer Department, will give us a pleasant half-hour. He's just full of his subject."



A man on trial for his life was being examined by a group of alienists. Suddenly one doctor jumped up and shouted to him: "Quick, how many feet has a centipede?" The man came back in a dry, dry voice: "Gad, is that all you have to worry about?"

J. A. TRIMBLE CO.

NEW WAY SYSTEM LAUNDRY

Bethlehem's Best Laundry

Thirteenth and Union Boulevard

PHONE 70

SERVING LEHIGH MEN

HOTEL BETHLEHEM

New Feature

TAP ROOM — SANDWICH BAR
THE RENDEZVOUS FOR RETURNING ALUMNI

The Old Tables Are Here



*"Let's get out of here — we belong in
Ballyhoo!"*

RAU & ARNOLD

YOUR SUIT IS HERE \$25.00
Regulars — Shorts — Stouts

Exclusively

"SILVERBROOK"

COAL

PHONE 1700

Artificial Ice Co.

SECOND and NEW STREETS

Little Bo Peep needed some sleep
And knew just where to find it.
So she went home and counted sheep
Until she counted very many.

ARBOGAST *and* BASTIAN CO.

MEATS and PROVISIONS

U. S. Government Inspection

ALLENTOWN, PA.

Bricker's
GOLDEN FLAKE
BREAD

ATTENTION!

DON'T MISS IT!

PHENOMENAL PHRESHMAN ISSUE

OBITUARY: We are pleased to announce the death (passing out) of the celebrated danseuse — Tillie Schwenkle — and that she positively will not appear in any of the following features.

Rushing Expose

Beauty Contest

Life in a Nudist Colony

On All Newstands In Early September



BURR-LESQUE

Me No Move

In a small western town the local physician was wandering about at five a. m. slightly the worse for an evening's carousing and chanced to pass a stolid and stately Indian who refused to acknowledge the doctor's greeting. Being a popular, though unpaid, and important citizen, and unused to such discourtesy, he determined to look into the matter.



"What is the trouble, Indian? Have you not moved?" No reply. The sawbone, jumping to conclusions, wrote a prescription and tossed it to the motionless figure

with "That'll fix you up or kill you."

The following night the same proceedings took place even to the prescription and the admonition regarding the watching of one's health.

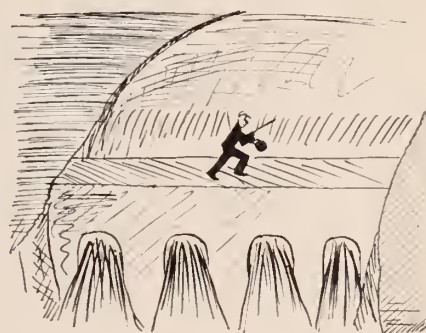
On the third occasion of a similar meeting the throat-cutter, even in his inebriation, became vaguely suspicious that the Injun in question was not paying him an excessive amount of attention. Daring to advance closer to the red man, he inquired harshly, "Hey Indian, have you moved?"

The Indian had not moved; it was a wooden Indian.

Forethought

Then there was the lad at a recent and neighborly beer party who removed his shoes and, carrying them in his hand, walked across the narrow and slippery spillway of a dam. Later his explanation was to the effect that

he had been entirely sober, but being aware that as he became inebriated he would feel the urge to attempt it, he had decided to perpetrate the exhibition of inhibition while he was steady enough to possibly reach the other side.



Crotalus

One of our fraternity brothers had, as his houseparty date, a beautiful girl from Philadelphia. He spent a veritable wad of his father's hard earned dough on her and, in general, had a rather good

time. Thus far nobody had attempted to snake him . . . Sunday rolled around and some of the brothers sobered up. One snake-eared senior suddenly realized that here was a fraternity brother with a really beautiful date and he began to assume the role of a snake. There wasn't much time left. The week-end was almost over. He had to act fast. Evidently he did very well; or at least he thought he did. For upon her return to Philadelphia, the beautiful one wrote a letter—not to her date, but to the senior. The snake began to gloat and showed the letter to everyone much to the chagrin of the brother who brought the female in question as his date. All the brothers gathered around while he opened the missive. "Dear Sandy," it said, "enclosed you will find my French homework. Please do it for me and send it back soon. I have to hand it in Friday."

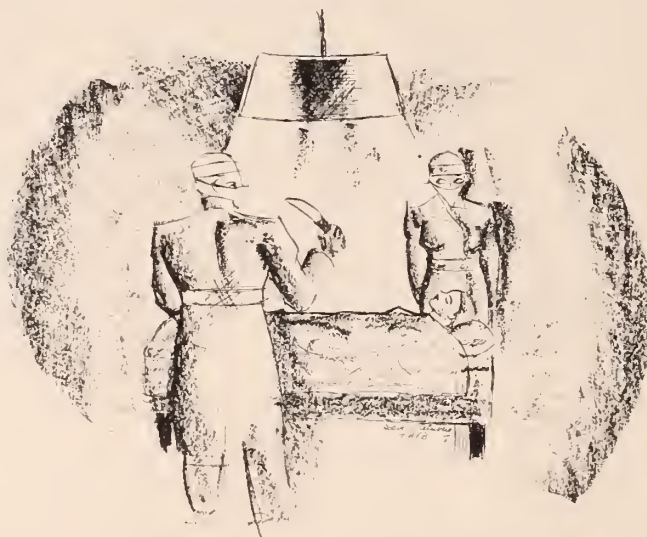
Geographic Genius

It appears as if there are a certain few individuals drifting about the campus who can always be depended upon to furnish us with material for our column. A few issues back, we related the yarn concerning a business student who, though stuffed with the results of a last minute cramming of an entire Economic Geography book, was forced to confess that he did not know where jelly beans grew. The story has a sequel. It seems that this same student was granted permission to take a re-examination in the course he had thought he knew so thoroughly. Just the other day, our intrepid geographer stalked into our room, boasting again that there was nothing under the sun pertaining to Economic Geography that he did not know. One of the wits assembled in the room asked the boaster if he knew

where potash was found. The questioned one astonished the room by announcing proudly that Germany was the native stamping grounds of all the potash deposits. "Well then," inquired one of the brighter wits, "if you know where potash is found, tell me where Perlmutter comes from." A superior smile came over the tormented countenance. "Ha, you can't fool me again," our information-supplier sneered, "it's found in Germany also." We left the room in utter despair.



Little Daniel, rather dapper,
Thought studies lots of crappa.
Spending all his dough on drink,
Too lazy, mentally, to think,
He made Phi Beta Kappa.



"Miss Jones, don't you think I should have graduated from Medical school before trying anything like this?"

Four Years of---

As a freshman he was green, according to those who called themselves seniors at the time, and had much to learn. He, however, was confident of his knowledge of life, was supreme in his egoism, and felt that fame and success awaited him in the next four years.

As a sophomore he was yet undaunted. A pseudo-sophisticated type, he knew his women, and proceeded to make them exceedingly well and quite repeatedly made widows about the valley. He bullied the frosh (much to their amusement), talked about his amorous accomplishments, and went on pro.

A sneering and worldly junior, he went after the more exclusive belles, (his campaigns were, of course, not nearly so successful), drank much in the company of males — indulgent in attempts at philosophical discussion, but which were in reality a series of unimpressive orations to the effect of "Boy was I polluted! I was so drunk, here's what I did—."

Early in his senior year he fell in love and was, consequently, in ill health all that season. He rarely indulged in the felicity of (an ugly world) dates, and when same occurred, one of the Cedarcrest Harmlasses was the other party. Came graduation and his settling down to the task of matrimony's post-mortem, during which he again became supreme in his ego, feeling that great things awaited him in future years, — and they did. They came one at a time, except for the triplets, at regular intervals.

Two burglars, unbeknownst to each other, entered the same apartment house from opposite sides and began to look around for suitable swag. It so happened that they met in a third floor apartment. One of the burglars said to the other, "Say mug, get off this floor. This is my territory." "Oh, yeah?" oh yeahed the other, "Well, this is my story and I'll stick to it!"

A Senior Prays

Dear God, I have but one request to make of you. Please give it your immediate attention for I can't stand any horsing-around. I didn't mind it when I got that "F" in Corp Fin last year and I didn't get mad when you let me fall asleep and smash up my roadster. It was jake with me when my hair started to fall out and I don't expect to miss those two front teeth very much after I get used to it. I took it with a grin while my houseparty date ran off with a freshman and it was oke when you convinced dad that my allowance should be reduced — but if you don't see that I pass these finals, you and I are quits!

COLLEGE DICTIONARY

AFFIDAVIT—Scriptural phrase—(Goliath started affidavit)

BALM—Hobo—(Youse is a balm)

CYNICS—What lead does when put in water

EPAULETS—Small apples

FIZZ—Aquatic creature with fins and tail.

GARRULOUS—Large anthropoidal apes

HOLLOW—Term of greeting (Hollow, you big balm)

IDIOM—A feeble-minded person (ex., a punster)

KNUCKLE—Aunt's husband ("Knuckle Tom's Cabin")

LAUD—Heavenly Father.

MANEUVER—Fertilizer (She was only the horse-man's daughter, etc.)

NEGLIGENCE—Dressing gown (female)

OMELET—A good egg in Shakespeare's works

PERIL—Gem found in oyster.

ROGUE—Carpet.

SUNDAY CLOTHES—St. Nicholas.

VINEGAR—Five on your hand (Stop sucking your vinegar)

X—Long handled chopping tool ("Yes, papa, I cut down your cherry tree")

YOKEL—To sing, as in Switzerland

ZEUS—Liquid in fruits

Now I ponder my condition
 As the acme of erudition
 After four years at this college.
 If some economic physician
 Will get me a good position
 I can demonstrate my knowledge.

If not, whatever I have got
 Will certainly decay and rot
 Ere many years begin to fall.
 If Babe Ruth studied Latin
 Would it help him with his battin'?
 So what good is education after all?

GOOD LUCK, Class of '34

It has been said that in the spring a young man's fancy turns toward things girls have been thinking about all winter — but our industrious seniors (Bless their hearts!) have little or no time to cogitate or consider such idle twiddle twaddle which heretofore has so completely filled their time and dominated their interests.

To these unfortunate individuals, the BURR would like to offer some precious words of advice and instruction which should prove of great value in "carving one's niche in the hall of fame" or digging one's grave, a much more probable destiny.

For these four long and possibly pleasant years of movie-going, beer drinking, and Vassar week-ending, these waywards have been living in the lap of luxury; but, young men, it is now time for luxury to stand up in haste and to cast you roughly on the tender portions.

The army of unemployed will no doubt claim a goodly portion of your numbers while the more fortunate members of your class may wield brooms in a brokerage office or grease whistles on locomotives. But try to remember the numerous lessons which you have

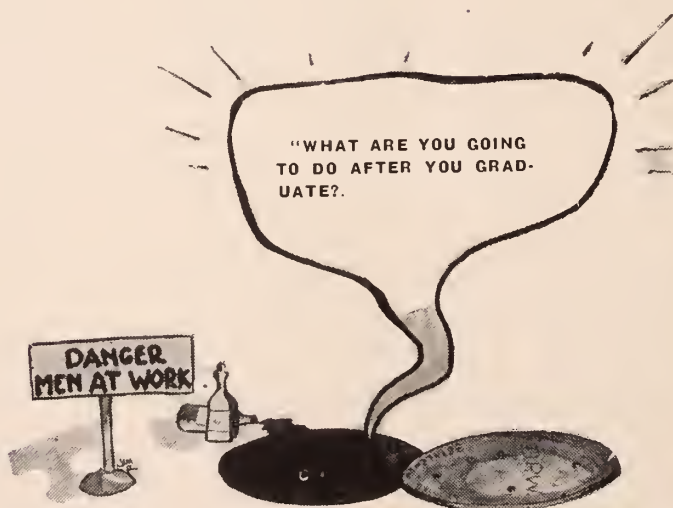
learned during your stay at Alma Mammy's, for in a period of time you may rise to positions of greater responsibility and authority such as assistant stamp lickor or the Roundhouse Inspector.

This bountious flattery of the nth degree has no doubt led you to suspect that an offer of a yearly subscription to the BURR is forthcoming — quiet your fears, young men of ambition.

In all seriousness, if the Burr will be pardoned for a momentary deliberation and divergence from the casual flim-flam and flub-dub of college publications of this nature, we offer our sincere best wishes for success in the cold world of disillusionment in which you will soon seek your respective destinies.

Once upon a time, and a very good time it was, all the animals in the jungle came together to hold a meeting. Elections were held and the elephant was elected president. After making the

usual speeches, etc., the newly elected president requested the entire assemblage to be seated so that he could go on with the business of the meeting. All the animals obeyed and sat down except the ostrich who remained standing. Whereupon the elephant requested him personally to comply with the desires of the chair and be seated. Still the ostrich remained standing. Finally the elephant called over to the chimpanzee, who was the sergeant-at-arms and said to him, "Listen. Go down and tell that ostrich to sit down. If he doesn't want to, find out why. The chimpanzee waddled down to the ostrich and said, "Mr. Ostrich won't you please sit down? We can't go on with the business of the meeting unless you do." The ostrich looked at the sergeant-at-arms and said, simply, "I can't!" The chimpanzee, slightly bewildered, asked, "Well, why can't you?" "You see," said the ostrich, "I've been hiding from a guy for two weeks and I got sunburnt!"



WALTER WINDSHIELD PREDICTS

Reports that some of our more fortunate seniors have secured jobs at which they are to begin honest toil immediately after graduation have been tracked down by the Burr and the real truth uncovered.

We suspect that four years at Lehigh had not fitted certain young men for such jobs as those with General Electric and R. H. Macy. Rather, we found, as we expected, that the lads are following the trades for which they have really been training themselves during their college career. Here is some of the inside information.

Dick McLeod will let that mustache grow again and become a gigolo in one of New York's better night-clubs.

Tex Eichelberger will not go back to punching cows, but will marry an heiress and start working up from the bottom in Tammany Hall.

Dick Lindabury will start as a carrier in the Philadelphia brass works.

Ben Bishop, s'help us, will be a school teacher. He is too educated to go into professional wrestling.

Garry Grier has a job as a movie magnate's assistant yes man. He turned down an offer to sell hair tonic.

Foster Gearhart's flat feet (suffered on the basketball court) will keep him out of war, but not out

of the New Jersey Zinc company, he fears. He tried to locate in Baltimore.

Brooks Peters . . . no, we cannot tell . . . he was once an editor . . . we owe it to the brotherhood of the fourth estate.

Paul Short will resume his married life and do his best to raise a few good blockers who in 20 years may give a Lehigh back some interference.

Bill Korn will positively not lead orchestras, so he says.

Nelson Coxe has already cornered the unemployment apple concessions in New York City and will take control in July. Bankers, he has said, will have to give way to trained Lehigh men.

Under pressure John Reed Fugard has admitted that he wishes to get married again.

Shorty Pease has applied for the position of window demonstrator in the new liquor stores.

The senior R. O. T. C. students intend to start a war wherein the opposing forces shall be quite amiable. There will be ping-pong, bridge, and even an occasional harsh word, but no weapons that they can operate, and no fighting "for real." All radicals who teach the glory of war will be tried and, if found guilty, will be sent to Lehigh for reconditioning.

Ernest (Little-Man) Issel will be chairman of floorwalkers in Gloria Louberge's "La Modiste" — a Philadelphia gown creation institute.



"This is a helluva time to play the Star-Spangled Banner!"

COMMUNING WITH MOTHER NATURE

The Australian Gnu

The gnu is much the same; gnus come and gnus go; and nothing ever happens in the gnu family. It is rumored that there is gnu in the southeast portion of Australia that resembles the three toed sloth which is nothing to his credit. The gnew model eats alfalfa, mumbles in its sleep and has a mating call that sounds like "phfft."

South Caroline Chickadee

The South Carolina Chickadee is rather foolish. Prominent naturalists say that this bird doesn't know what its all about. He is a sucker for little boys and their air rifles. He will sit for hours on the lower limb of a tree and yell his fool head off. Other birds avoid him; there is something pitiful about the chickadee.

The Woodcock

The woodcock lives in swamp areas and likes it. He likes mating season best of all and is rather

prejudiced against hunters who shoot at him. He doesn't believe in Santa Clause and thinks the Fourth of July is annoying. He eats bits of hay, worms and stuff; and is tired of it all. He is a good bird to have around.

The Cowbird

This bird is the clown amongst our feathered friends. He lays eggs in other birds' nests and will do anything for a laugh. He lives from hand to mouth and in the southern part of North America. The maternal instinct isn't very pronounced in the female; she doesn't give a hang about the children. The Cowbird thinks it's smart and is very modern.

The Zebra

If you think I'm going to pull the gag about the sport model Jackass, you are crazy; the zebra isn't worth it and you probably haven't read this far anyway. The zebra has brilliant plumage but it

doesn't do him much good; he is still a zebra. He is a fool for African explorers who shoot him with a gun and camera. He doesn't fool around with other animals much but does mingle with his own kind. Their motto is "once a zebra, always a zebra," and they are welcome to it.

Miscellaneous

This is not an animal but meant to be a brief summary of our nature talk. Credit should be given for not mentioning the Wahoo bird, the Wriffle bird and other silly dribble. When the author delves into the secrets of Mother Nature, he knits his brows with serious intent and does not profane his wanderings with such simple stuff as birds flying backwards in order to see where they have been. Show me a serious man and I will show you a naturalist. (If I can find him.)



*"Good morning, Child of Satan."
Good morning, father."*

Nappo: Have you heard the new powder song?

Leon: The new powder song? No. What is it?

Nappo: It's the Talc of the Town, Stupid.

It came to pass that after four years of this, a Burr editor rose from his typewriter, grasped a diploma, and (God forbid) went to work. As an advertising research scientist's fourth assistant he was to think up a catch line for a new product about to make its debut upon the market. After seven days and (ugh!) nights of solitary confinement and undisturbed concentration he came out with the following: HAVE YOU HAD YOUR LIBIDO TODAY?

I'll go to my room
And write a poem.
I mean I'll go home
And write a pome.

Nautically Speaking

Sometimes
When I'm all
Alone
Walking (for
My health) — I
Take delight
In sign
Reading.
And every
Time I see
The one
"Shoes Shined
Inside"
I wonder how
They
Do it.

DID'JA EVER

Did'ja ever swear
By all the
Drinks you know
Of, to study
For a set of
Finals, and (alas)
Actually do it, with the
Idea of getting some
Decent grades,
And after
Much loss of sleep, hours
Of grind and
Nites of abstinence,
Finally receive notice of
The same flock
Of D's and E's,
And you resolved
"Never Again," only to
Repeat the same
Thing again the
Following year,
Did'ja ever?
Huh?

There was a young man from Tacoma
Who went to school far from homa
After four years
Of drinking beers,
He came home with a nice new diploma . . .

First Hill-billy: "Hev you saw that blasted city feller 'at hez been makin' love to all the girls up heah? He done wrong by my datter and when I find him, I'm goin' to fill him full of lead."

Second Farmer: "See here, now, you just leave my new son-in-law alone."

Waitress (looking at nickel tip left by close guest): "What're ya tryin' to do — seduce me?"



"Is this all you know — after four years?"

NO MORE PICTURES

About five years had elapsed since the wedding of Lige Holt and Little Nell. Mr. Holt had finished his business in town and was lounging under the elm which shaded the street near the jail. Between yawns the gentleman was surveying the news of his neighborhood to the nosey reporter and owner of the Lummoxtown Hooter.

"Just happened to think of a little session we had at our place t'other mawnin'," Lige drawled. "One of them picter fellers come by the house and offered to take anyone of our picters and put it in a nice frame, us to pay fer the frame. First thing I thought of Nell's old man, him lookin' pretty clever when he was sober, and bein' a deacon in the church, but Nell says no, she seen more than enough o' him when she was home. She didn't want none o' me because I was generally in yellin' distance of the house an' I didn't need none o' her as the feller said it would be a speakin' likeness.

"The upshot of it all was we picked on our onliest boy, Hardpan, goin' on four years to represent us and the picter man said it would be nice to capture his childish innocence in a photygraft. But when his maw started to lay hands on him to wash his neck and grub out his ears, he let out a whoop, tore out the door and over the ridge like a swarm of the hornets was behind him.

"I got me a fresh chaw, collected my gun and my ole dawg Tracy and started to track the little feller through the brush. After ole Tracy found the trail we got along purty well and inside about an hour we caught up with him. The little varmint was full o' fight and I had quite a job totin' him home.

"The picter feller was at the house waitin' and little Hardpan still objected when his maw tried to tidy him up. I was goin' to get a rope and hog-tie the boy when Nell fotched him a clout with her fist that would killed a horse, and that seemed to calm him down some. Leastwise he set quiet with his fists balled up and let the man git his likeness.

"Then what do you reckon the little cuss did?" and Lige chuckled with pride, "He slipped around t'other side of the house and gets hisself a sizable rock which he heaves right through that picter machine and plumb demolishes it."

Irate Guest (phone down): "Say, Night Clerk!"

Clerk: "What's on your mind now?"

Guest: "Mind hell; they're all over the bed."

EVOLUTION

Our parents went screwy
For Admiral Dewey
And later went daft over Taft.
They went into eulogies over the Coolidges
But us kids prefer Georgie Raft.

They went all to pieces,
Our nephews and nieces,
When Lindy made good on his test.
But now they're a-lather, a-dither, a-dasher
Over naughty, besottery Mae West.

Two pigeons were cruising over Germany:

1st: "Isn't that Hitler down there?"

2nd: "Yeah! I just spotted him!"

Diner: "Waiter, I came in yesterday for a steak."

Waiter: "Yes, sir; will you have the same today?"

Diner: "Well, I might as well, if no else is using it."

"Man, oh man, was he ever a necker!"

Who?"

"Da Vinci—they say he spent two years on Mona Lisa's lips."

"What's Good for the Goose is Good for the Gander."

—Well, what of it; they were made that way.

Short Short Story: We are twins and look alike. When we were at school my brother threw an eraser and hit the teacher. She whipped me. She didn't know the difference, but I did. I was to be married but my brother arrived at the church first and married my girl. She didn't realize it, but I did. But I got even for all that. I died last week and they buried him.



*"Him? — Why he doesn't even know
what the score is!"*

It was a gorgeous night
In my arms I held her tight
And she whispered, "Love me, Louie!"
But that's all left behind
For, somehow, today I find
That both of us were screwy.

"Where'd ya get that black eye?"
"At a dance the other night."
"What kind of a dance was it?"
"A costume ball, and I went up to somebody
dressed up like a fat woman of a circus and —"
"Well, what about the black eye?"
"I remarked that he looked comical wearing a
bustle and with a pillow in his shirt."
"What's wrong with that?"
"Well, he wasn't wearing a bustle and he didn't
have a pillow in his shirt — and he was a she."

Ah my lover! Though it hurts,
To your demands I just say: "Nerts!"

The sun trickled lightly through cypress leaves
into the crystal pool. Odysseus awoke, wiped the
salt water from his eyes, and peered cautiously
around a bush. There, in the speckled light, stooped
Nausicca, her lithe body bending to and fro as she
dipped her linens into the limpid waters. Her rosy
figure was like a nude Aphrodite, chiselled in pink
marble. For some minutes The Wanderer sat spell-
bound, his eyes riveted to the swaying body. Then
he loosed his tongue, for he could no longer hold
his peace.

"Gad!" he hissed, "double-jointed."

SONG OF THE STEPPES

Whenever I walk to classes
Along the campus roads
I pause to curse the asses
Who thought that we were toads.

Whoever laid out those footways
Sure was an awful simp
His mixed-up steps my heart dismays
I've got the Lehigh limp!

So damn the lousy architect
Who stuck steps there and here;
His sight was shot by an eye defect
And his brain by a bucket of beer!

A Scotchman, wishing to report an accident with-
in the limitation of a ten word telegram, sent the
following message:

"Bruises hurt erased afford erected analysis hurt
too infectious dead."

(Bruce is hurt, He raced a Ford, He wrecked it,
and Alice is hurt too. In fact she is dead.)

Of books and studies I've had my dose
So to them all now, ADIOS!

THE CASE OF THE COMIC STRIP ARTIST

As soon as he came into my office, I noticed that he had a worn and haggard appearance. I guessed that his was a nervous ailment, due perhaps to some worry. Summary diagnosis, supported my original guess.

"Well," I asked him, "just what is on your mind that seems to be worrying you down?"

"Business, doc," he answered.

"What business?" I followed.

"Well, you see, it's this way," he continued. "I'm a comic strip artist. Everything went well for a few years . . . I thought up all kinds of situations. My daily strip went across with a bang. My salary was increased week by week and fan letters flowed in as fast as the money . . . only I still have the letters. Then IT happened. I've been slipping ever since and expect to lose my job any day."

He paused and a wild light came into his eyes. It was the look of a man who is haunted by some deep-rooted obsession, probably connected with a loss of confidence in himself.

I was forced to admit that I didn't know what calamity possibly could have befallen him—a steadily rising comic strip artist.

Then he told me.

"My strips were perfect. I just brimmed over with situations and ideas. I had orphanages burning down, girls driven from homes, orphans losing wealthy protectors to fall into the clutches of cruel mercenaries, etc. Tears dripped on newspapers in which people read my strip.

"Then, one day, I inadvertently let some humor slip into one of my comic strips.

"People—laughed!"

"The editor laughed.

"I laughed. And that started the trouble. Everything I wrote after that somehow struck people funny. Soon they stopped reading my comic strip—for who wants to laugh at a comic strip?

"Last week, the editor delivered his ultimatum: make them weep or else! I'm failing and the worry is driving me crazy. What can I do, doc?"

I didn't tell him to go away or give him a tonic or anything like that. I put him on a new track and his comic strip is once again a raving success. People don't cry but what is important—they don't laugh. Now, they gasp.

His comic strip concerns the adventures of a degenerate arch-fiend.

Father: "Why were you kissing my daughter in that dark corner last night?"

Youth: "Now that I've seen her in daylight I sort of wonder myself."

A Little Boy: "Papa, why do we have parades?"

A Politician: "That, my boy, is a question that cannot be answered in one word, or even one sentence. In fact I could write volumes on the subject and still not give a complete answer. If you were to ask that question of someone else, they would probably give you an answer immediately. But would that be the correct answer? Would that satisfy you? I wager that it would not. And that is precisely what is wrong with this country today. Too many people take things for granted. There is no originality. Look at the fashions for instance. Everybody is dressing like the person next to him. How can we expect to maintain our democratic ideals and spirit if we allow such things to happen? America has always been the leader of the world. Let us keep this up, and let us keep alive the glorious traditions of liberty and freedom, for which our forefathers laid down their lives at Bunker Hill, and Gettysburg."

The Little Boy: "Oh."



"There goes my knight out."

KNOTTY PROBLEM

"Aw, what's the use? It's all futility. Why should I go on living, in the face of a hostile world, useless to myself, unloved, ignored?"

He tossed the rope over one of the rafters.

"But I have two tickets for the Vanities next week. And the suspense of wondering how I came out in that econ quiz is terrible."

The rope was left dangling.

"I probably flunked it, though. And four cinch cards is too much for one mortal to bear."

He tied a slip-knot.

"I could live on booze—drink myself to death. Hit the highroad to hell, and all that. But then there are hangovers. And I detest tomato juice."

He placed the noose tentatively around his neck.

"Then there's Lucille. Gosh, but she'd be sorry. Or would she? Not after she gave me back that pin. Maybe I could haunt her. But that wouldn't be fun for either of us, would it?"

He tied one end of the rope to a beam.

"And my car. It's fun driving that buggy around, whizzing down the highway. Yeah, and getting tickets, and flats."

He placed a wooden box in position under the noose.

"But if I live I might meet the right girl some day. Gee, how glorious. Oh, she'd probably be married or in in love with the football captain."

He stood on the box and placed the noose around his neck.

"That settles it. Nothing in life for me. Farewell to term papers and standups, to blind dates and pick-me-ups . . . pick-me-ups . . . that reminds me . . . Fred said there was a new one on the market . . . Whoops-and-Jingles Salts . . . I can't die without giving it a trial, can I? Of course not."

He got down from the box.

SANCTUARY

Moaning has been going on now for many years
And great, big, strong men are shedding tears
Over the emancipation of the female who invades
Barber shops and makes her shameless raids
On all men's strongholds until there is no place
One can not see a pretty, empty, lip-rouged face;
But I venture to say there will never come a time
when

Women will be found behind the door marked
"Men."

Daughter: That new boy friend I met at the Prom spent the evening with me last night, and he kissed me.

Mother: Kissed you? I hope you showed him his place.

Daughter: Oh, he's wonderful, mother, he found it himself.

In the wee hours of the morning a Lehigh student entered one of the better known eating joints for night owls and took a seat by a man who was giving his order to the beautiful but dumb waitress.

"Make it a cup of coffee, toast, and ham and eggs. I want the eggs boiled for exactly two minutes."

The said waitress approached the aforementioned collegiate and upon requesting his order he replied: "Give me the same as this gentleman's but eliminate the eggs."

The waitress tripped off to the kitchen only to return with this of all cracks: "I'm terribly sorry but the eliminator is broken. Would you like to have them some other way?"

These lines were found graven on a tablet of rock on the top of South Mountain.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

As modified after four years at Lehigh.

I. Thou shalt not toss paving stones off the bridge.

II. Thou shalt not covet thy frater's babe.

III. Mix not thy beer with whiskey.

IV. Thou shalt not commit plagarism.

V. Save thy cuts and keep them scattered.

VI. Honor thy Palmer and Carothers.

VII. Thou shalt not go to Catholic High more than once a month.

VIII. Thou shalt not call a fraternity a "frat."

VIII. Thou shalt not call a fraternity house a "frat."

IX. Thou shalt not take Freshman Hygiene too seriously.

X. Read the BURR. (adv't)

As we see it, the main difference between a freshman and a senior is that the former hates to leave his family behind him, and the latter is worried about taking his home.

Modern maxims: Fifty-two fifty is too much to pay for a few moments of pleasure.

Over the Hill to Hill Bridge with Gun and Camera

— OR —

How the Other Half Loves

A play in the modern tempo.

Characters:

Strophe T. Ripstitch, a Windish night watchman.

Mrs. Strophe T. Ripstitch, his wife.

Strophe T. Ripstitch Jr., his son.

Joe, a middle-aged census taker of no mean ability.

Yasha, an old nurse.

Sasha, an old nurse.

Loasha, an old nurse.

The scene is laid on the front porch of the home of Mr. Strophe T. Ripstitch, in East Schnecksville, Pa. As the curtain rises, we discover Junior sitting on the front steps whittling at Llewelyn, the Ripstitch cat.

Llewelyn: Meow.

Junior: Nuts.

Curtain

The second act curtain rises on substantially the same scene, except that Junior has whittled off Llewelyn's hind legs, and is now at work on her tail.

Junior: Nuts.

Llewelyn: Meow.

At this point Joe enters the plot. He is dressed in a neat blue serge cummerbund, much worn and carefully mended. He approaches the door and rings the bell. While he waits, he munches contentedly from a sack of rhubarb strapped to his left leg. Two minutes elapse, and then the door swings open, exposing to view Mrs. Ripstitch.

Mrs. Ripstitch: Yes.

Joe: It's polite to wait till you're asked.

Mrs. Ripstitch: Sir, I don't know you.

Joe: Lady, you will!

Mrs. Ripstitch: For a census-taker you are the most impudent man I know.

This brings matters to a crux. Joe, recalled from his day dreaming, steels himself for the realities of every-day life. He whips a large pad of paper out

of his cummerbund and faces Mrs. Ripstitch.

Joe: Madame, how many children have you?

Mrs. Ripstitch: One.

Joe: Sex?

Mrs. Ripstitch: No. My husband is away a lot.

Joe: Don't you know that this nation is faced with extinction because of this attitude of yours. The upper class minority leaves the business of peopling the earth to the great majority of morons. How are we to survive if our intellectuals do not reproduce themselves? The trouble with you is laziness, sheer laziness.

Mrs. Ripstitch: Honest, I'm not lazy, I'm just dreaming.

Joe: Yes?

Mrs. Ripstitch: It's polite to wait till you're asked.

Joe: That's my line.

Mrs. Ripstitch: No, that's my line.

Joe: I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.

Llewelyn: Meow.

Junior: Nuts.

Joe: Madame, what are your husband's political affiliations?

Mrs. Ripstitch: I forget.

Joe: Is he a Democrat, a Republican, or a Socialist?

Mrs. Ripstitch: No.

Joe: Maybe he's a Technocrat.

Mrs. Ripstitch: That sounds plausible.

Joe: Can you find out definitely?

Mrs. Ripstitch: Wait a minute. I'll send Junior upstairs to find out. Junior, run upstairs and ask your father if he is a Technocrat.

Junior reluctantly lays Llewelyn aside and goes upstairs. He searches fruitlessly for Mr. Ripstitch for a while, then realizes that he is in the bathroom. He goes to the bathroom door and calls.

Junior: Hey, Pa, are you a Technocrat?

Mr. Ripstitch: No — I'm shaving.

Curtain.

For The Last Time : The Blackout

Wherein one finds the possibilities of advertising slogans

'Good to the last
drop!'

"It's toasted!"

"The Showplace of a
nation!"

"Soft white hands!"



"Do you inhale?"

"It's dated!"

"99 44-100% pure!"

"Keep regular!"

"They satisfy!"

"Ask the man who owns one!"

"Hasn't scratched yet!"

"Knee - Action!"

"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!"

"Our hand has never lost its skill!"

"I wash my finest things in Tux!"

"Your best friend won't tell you!"

"Are you a phone booth artist!"

"If it hasn't got a hole, it isn't a Life-Saver!"

Safeguard Your Health

Use

MOWRER'S MILK

Phone 2687

The Menne Printery

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PHONE 3431

Hail Lehigh

We invite you to make yourself at home in our stores . . . Today as a college man and tomorrow at a professional man.

Edwin H. Young

Drug Stores, Inc.

BROAD and MAIN STREETS

310 WEST BROAD STREET

WEST 4th STREET and BROADWAY

"It's a Pleasure to Buy
at Young's

EASY MARK

Scene—A handsome young couple are seated in a garden under the soft, silvery moonlight. They are talking to each other, which is the devil of a thing to do in a sitting like that.

Said the girl: "Mark, I'm fond of you and all that, but you have one awful fault—an awful one."

"Why, what's that, Doris?"

"You're too easy going, Mark. When you graduated from college, you could have gone into the sort of work you liked, only it would have been hard. Instead, you went into your father's office. You took the easy way."

"I suppose that's so, Doris."

"Yes, and while you were in college, you paid others to write your papers and do your assignments instead of learning something yourself. You took the easy way, didn't you, Mark?"

"I admit that, Doris, but what has it to do with us? I'm in love with you. Won't you marry me?"

She looked at him for the split second of a moment. "You still try the easy way," she murmured.

MY DREAM GIRL

I never saw a face more fair, a smile with more gleam anywhere,

I never saw two bluer eyes, or a ruddier glow on two cheeks rise;

I never noticed such neat curls, or brilliant teeth that shine like pearls,

I never stared at a cuter pose, or saw two lips fresh as a rose.

I never in life saw such a queen—

But I'll never buy the gasoline

You advertise—It's lousy.

Judge: "What possible excuse did you have for acquitting that murderer?"

Fore of Jury: "Insanity."

Judge: "What, all twelve of you?"

Sign in local grocery store: "The world is coming to an end. Please pay your bills now so we won't have to hunt all over hell for you."

It's bad enough when they steal King Tut's mummy from his tomb, but when Eddie Cantor steals his jokes, that's too much.

Soph: Come on upstairs and have a shot.
Frosh: Have you a shooting gallery in your room too?

Aviator: C'mon, let's go.
Passenger: You sure I'll get down all right?
Aviator: I never left anyone up there yet.

"Calling car 57! Calling car 57! Casey, ditch the blonde! Your wife's looking for you!"

The roadster skidded around the corner, jumped in the air, knocked down a lamp-post, smacked three cars, ran against a stone fence, and stopped. A girl climbed out of the wreck.

"Darling," she exclaimed, "That's what I call a kiss!"

I like a gal
Like Sadie Trigger,
No morals, no brains,
And what a figger!

It wasn't liquor that killed old Ben;
Nor women that stopped his breath—
'Twas an Austin somebody drove up his leg
And tickled old Ben to death.

A double hit!



SUE: That smells good. Wish I could say the same for all pipe tobacco.

SAM: Tastes gaad, taa. And you can't say THAT about all pipe tobacco either.

SUE: That makes it a double hit—pleases the ladies, pleases the men. What's the secret?

SAM: Edgeworth is a blend of only the tenderest leaves of the burley plant.

SUE: What does that mean?

SAM: In those leaves you get the mildest pipe tobacco that grows.

SUE: You mean Edgeworth is made from the mildest pipe tobacco that grows?

SAM: Right. Edgeworth has that rare combination — mildness plus flavor.

Ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth in Slice form. 15¢ pocket pockoge 10 pound humidor tin. Several sizes in vocuum pocked tins. Lorus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

EDGEWORTH

MADE FROM THE
Mildest pipe tobacco
THAT GROWS

Sanders-Reinhardt
Co. Inc.
Photo - Engravers



THOUGHT, SKILL AND
CRAFTSMANSHIP OF
A HIGH ORDER ARE DE-
VOTED TO THE MAKING
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PHONE 36

We Use Ivory Soap Exclusively

Morris G. Snyder
Distinctive Merchant Tailoring
Broad and New Streets Bethlehem, Pa.

BEST WISHES TO THE SENIORS
Goodenough's Furniture
534 Main Street

He (asking a riddle): "Why is it you have so many boy friends?"

She: "I give up."

"Were you ever in Carlsbad?"

"No, but I've been in his apartment."

Sandy was passing Gammons with the lady fair when the sweet thing looked in the window with a hungry look and said, "Oh, Sandy, that chicken in the window makes my mouth water."

"Well, why don't you spit?" said Sandy, and dragged her on down the street.

"Eyes right!" thundered the negro lieutenant.

"You's wrong!" came back from the depths of the black troops.

Dentist to patient—I told you not to swallow — that's my last pair of pliers.

1st—That certainly is an ill mannered dog that you have. During the entire dinner he kept nipping at my heels.

Maid (overhearing)—You would probably be mad too, if someone was eating out of your plate.

Gambler (flipping coin in the air): "Call it!"

Stooge: "Yoo, hoo!"

An Engineer Friend of ours, who was in the class, vouches for the truth of this story: The students in a mechanics class at Virginia university were sleepily watching their professor outline a problem on the board. He had just headed a column "Excess stresses on the bridge," when the class suddenly came to life. First a snicker, then a laugh, and soon the whole class was rocking ecstatically in its seats. The professor, confused, searched the board for a cause of this unseemly merriment, and discovered, to his dismay, that he had omitted the "g" in "bridge."



LIFE SAVERS: "Stepping out?"

HIGH HAT: "My good fellow, we're calling on the future Missus."

LIFE SAVERS: "Better take me along."

HIGH HAT: "And what will you do?"

LIFE SAVERS: "Take your breath away, ol' top."

FOR A NEW THRILL SPEAR-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS

Serfass Cafe

229 BROADWAY

REFRESHMENTS

We're new, but we're good—be convinced!

Earl H. Gier

JEWELER

129 West Fourth Street

Bethlehem

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E. P. WILBUR TRUST CO.

Fourth Street and Broadway

Bethlehem, Pa.

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We were returning to our hotel after a strenuous Big Game celebration. I pulled over to the curb and said to Frank, "I can only last about two more blocks. How about you?"

"I think I can hold out for four," he replied.

So I moved over and let him drive. How we did it, I can't say, but we arrived at the hotel O. K. We went up to our room and turned in. About two hours later I opened my eyes to find several uniformed attendants working over me.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Wake up!" one of them yelled. "The manager wants you to drive that damned car out of the lobby."

"When I was up in Montana," said one of them, "I saw a mountain lion come right up to the camp one day. It was a fierce beast, but I, with great presence of mind, threw a bucket of water in its face and it slunk away."

"Boys," said a man sitting in the corner, "I can vouch for the truth of that story. A few minutes after that happened I was coming down the side of the hill. I met this lion, and, as is my habit, I stopped to stroke his head. And I'm telling you, his whiskers were still wet."

He—Con you make a kiss last on hour?

She—Well, I dunno, but that one I just gave you is going to last you till tomorrow night.

Math Professor—If there are 48 states in the Union, and super-heated steam equals the distance from Bombay to Paris, what is my age?

Frosh—Forty-four, sir.

Professor—Correct, how did you prove it?

Frosh—I have a brother who is twenty-two and he is only half nuts.

She, over the phone: Hello. Who is this?

He: Chester.

She: Chester who?

He: Chester gigolo.

High diddle de diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
And the cow jumped over the moon.

The little dog laughed to see such sport

And the D. T.'s ended too soon.

"Open the window."

"No. It's cold out."

"Well, open a door then."

"There's too much draught."

"Well, turn the fan on."

"Hey, what's going on here?"

"I don't want to inconvenience you, but there's a dead guy under the table."

Little: Might I have this dance?

Big: Yes, you mite.

Drunk, staggering along the streets, bumps into a telephone pole. Feels way around it several times, then mutters, "S'no ushe. Walled in."

A woman has two views of a secret. Either it's not worth keeping, or it's too good to keep.

The stork is the bird with the big bill.

The secret of repartee is repertoire.

This came from Chicago. It seems that the junior boys of a settlement house there were rehearsing "Treasure Island," and found themselves without enough guns for the defense of the stockade scene. Next night one of the youths showed up with a bulky newspaper package. It contained seven .32-caliber automatics. "We can use 'em for the rehearsals," he said, "but not for the show. The men gotta have 'em back Saturday night."

Too often they get married nowadays for better or worse — but not for good.

A noted chef, asked the recipe for his equally famous corn beef hash, replied: "There is no recipe, the stuff simply accumulates."

Acknowledgement

The Burr thanks the following publications for the exchange jokes that appear between the advertisements:

PELICAN
PANTHER
PUPPET
OHIOAN
WIDOW
POINTER
REDCAT
JACK O' LANTERN
RAMMER JAMMER
YELLOW JACKET
LOG
DIRGE
LIFE
MUGWUMP
and others.

"SIT WITH THE OTHER EXHAUST PIPE!"



IT WAS always the rumble seat for Ralph and his powerful pipe. Why will a man try to save on a few pipe cleaners and load up with fummy tobacco?

Life can easily become happier for Ralph. By putting Sir Walter Raleigh in a well-kept pipe he can ride up front with the driver . . . and even demonstrate that he can handle the wheel with his left hand. Sir Walter Raleigh is a mild mixture of Kentucky Burleys that burns coolly and slowly. And it has a fragrance that wins smokers . . . and fair companions. Try it. You should.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-45.



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

NEW DEAL!

NEW MONEY!!

NEW BURR!!!

Because we definitely take a stand in opposition to inflation, we offer the BURR next year at a reduced rate.

Only $\frac{15}{100}$ dollars for each priceless copy — and nine of 'em, a year's production, for one buck.

Send this coupon with one buck

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CHI PHI, LEHIGH CAMPUS
BETHLEHEM, PA.

R. R. McCLINTOCK
CHI PHI
BETHLEHEM, PA.

Dear R. R.:

Here's a buck for nine issues.

Name

Address

.....

*I'm "that way" about
Chesterfields, too—*



the cigarette that's **MILDER**
the cigarette that **TASTES BETTER**

